JOHN BULL, week ending February 19, 1944

# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1966

3D EVERY THURSDAY

GOING SLOW by the EDITOR

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# NEWS FROM THE BISCUIT FRONT

THE Ministry of Food, recognising the importance of Biscuits on the home front, has recently released more raw materials to British Biscuit Manufacturers.

This of course is good news, but it cannot be hoped that its effect will be adequate supplies of biscuits for everyone. In fact there will still be a shortage although a few more people should be able to get a share.

Unfortunately, no extra labour can be found to produce this increased output and the folk in the Biscuit Factories will have to work harder than ever for every extra pound to be produced.

But they will do their best because they know how much Biscuits mean to you.

*Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.*

C78-32

*"Something attempted, something done," Chuckles the thief as he decamps; "But burgling wasn't half such fun When streets were lit with*

MAZDA

*LAMPS"*

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# FOOD FACTS No. 188

## Making the Milk go round

We could all do with more milk than the two pints a week which is the ordinary share, but here are some ways of making it go round. Household Milk solves the larger part of the problem so put it at the top of your shopping list and make sure that you get your share. The new allocations started on January 9th, and the allowance is one tin per ration book every eight weeks.

Instead of tea, coffee or cocoa, have a clear vegetable broth or a potato or lentil soup for your mid-morning drink, and use vegetable water for savoury sauces. Potato water, used instead of milk, is grand for scones and puddings, and the juice from bottled fruit makes an excellent sweet sauce, either alone or thickened with custard powder.

### A Salad a Day

The wise housewife knows that a salad a day, in winter as well as in summer, is necessary to replace the protective qualities of fruit, and build up resistance to infection and fatigue. Delicious and healthful salads can be made with winter vegetables such as cabbage, sprouts, turnip and carrot. If your family is not accustomed to vegetable salads introduce them gradually in this way.

1. Add chopped parsley, watercress or finely shredded cabbage to soups and stews and to cooked sliced root vegetables just before serving.
2. Serve a garnish of watercress, parsley, shredded cabbage or sprouts with fish cakes, pasties, etc.
3. Serve salad with the main dish in place of a cooked vegetable. The addition of pickles, chutney, tomato or mustard sauce will often help to break down masculine prejudice against it.
4. Use grated raw vegetables as a filling for sandwiches and rolls.
5. Serve a raw shredded cabbage and dressing, or a mixture of raw shredded vegetables as the main dish with baked potatoes and the choice of a piece of cheese or cold sausage, and follow it with a substantial pudding.

### Welsh Mutton

Serve this excellent and economical main dish as a change. Without the mutton it makes a savoury supper dish.

*Ingredients:* 1½ lb. neck of mutton, 4 leeks, 3 carrots, 6 potatoes, salt, 1 pint water. *Method:* Joint mutton, place in a pan with tepid water and add salt. Bring to the boil, remove scum and simmer for 2 hours. Wash leeks well and cut into 3-inch lengths. Cut the carrots in four lengthwise. Put into pan and simmer for half-hour, then add peeled and quartered potatoes. Simmer for another 20-30 minutes or until the potatoes are cooked. Serve on a hot dish with the meat piled in the centre. Sprinkle with chopped parsley or garnish with watercress. This dish may be cooked in the oven and served in a casserole.

### Winter Salad

*Ingredients:* 3 well-scrubbed carrots, 1 small raw beetroot, a cabbage heart, a piece of swede. Grated cheese. *Method:* Pile the grated cheese in the centre of the dish, grate the vegetables and arrange in individual piles round the cheese. If liked each pile of grated vegetable can be moistened with salad dressing before serving.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

WEETABIX is a *very* good food for all children; it builds them up from the earliest years and helps to create a sturdy constitution for life. Weetabix can be enjoyed by *all* the family at any meal.

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# Mother's time off

When you get the right food for a baby everything else comes right. Nestlé's milk is rich, full cream country milk. Nature's own complete and perfect food. But it is milk which baby can digest. The rest follows. Little bones grow strong, limbs grow rounded and firm—a good beginning from which there is no turning back.

RICHEST IN CREAM

Nestlé's Milk

# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 19, 1944.*
*93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

**Straight from the Shoulder**

# NO EXCUSE

QUESTS are gloomy affairs. So let none be held on the death of the first hopes aroused by the Anzio landing.

Besides, the Italian campaign is from dead. It is going strong, will probably become fiercer

ut there must be a protest—and emphatic one.

### pertinence

British officer has offered one of the foolish and impertinent excuses uttered. He suggests that the lo-American force south of Rome d to sweep forward thirty to forty s to cut enemy communications be- its commanders daren't take such ance in the face of public opinion!

### Stood Alone

offers no evidence to support this nvincing balderdash. All the evi- ce is, indeed, to the contrary.

ir people did not show themselves en when they stood alone against the of German bombs. They have been poken in their demand for the most ng of all military operations—the tern Front.

nd neither the British nor American ples will take kindly the implication when difficulties arise on the lefield, the public can be blamed for xcess of caution.

### w Moves?

or, we imagine, will General Alexan- welcome this gratuitous defence. It o early to tell whether his strategy s apology. It may be justified by Adriatic movements reported by the y and by the new landings they to expect.

any case, Alexander is pegging down a million troops which the enemy d dearly like to use elsewhere.

### eedy

t evidently our commanders have startled by the speed with which elring brought up divisions from ce.

at is a warning to us.

aly has few railways, and they have heavily bombed. Whereas the rest e Continent is covered by a network ails and military roads. So we must prepared for even quicker German ements when we invade Western pe.

### poleon Knew!

poleon had something of the sort in d when he said: "Make the most of opening moves of a battle."

t us hope that Eisenhower and der will not need this advice—and they will have not merely enough pment, but the right sort of equip- t.

### nderous

r it is discouraging to read of our y tanks being stuck in the Italian of a lack of light equipment suit- able for mountain warfare, of no improvisation in tactics, and of a brigadier who argues that artillery should still be used as it was employed in France in 1914-18.

**Evidently Alexander could have been better served by those responsible for what has been described as "our ponderous war machinery."**

### Transport the Key

However, our leaders are showing foresight in regard to one enormous problem that the Second Front will raise—the problem of transport.

Hundreds of drivers who have been working in factories are being sent back to the roads. And no doubt there will be heavy restrictions on civilian travel when the day of invasion dawns.

### Total Call-Up

Even now we need many more transport workers. The volume of traffic in this island base has reached a scale that, could it be revealed, would stagger the world.

That is equally true of our mobilisation figures. We never expected to have to build up a large Army. Now we have a very large one, with more airmen and sailors than ever before, and the biggest supply services in our history. Our mobilisation is, in fact, the most intense achieved by any nation in any age.

### Economy

All the more reason, therefore, for our leaders to make sure there is no wasted effort, no overlapping, and no delay.

Every hour lost, every pound squandered, is a hindrance to the opening of the war's final stage.

### Russia Drives On

As for the Eastern Front, what is happening there is probably the biggest disaster in mass warfare.

A disaster on the right side!

The recent Russian successes would make a fair-sized catalogue. More are inevitable. And to say that is not to take for granted our ally's skill and courage.

### Food of War

The enemy has had to take an immense risk.

**He is gambling away whole armies in the effort to prevent the Russian steamroller from crunching into Rumania. Having lost the manganese of Nikopol he dare not lose that other essential of war—oil.**

Besides, once he is beaten out of the Rumanian oilfields his Balkan allies will desert him.

### Good Friends

By contrast, the relations between Moscow and London are remarkably good. Moreover, we are acting as intermediaries between the U.S.S.R. and some of our other allies.

### Will They Forget?

The Poles are now being invited to take part in administering Europe. And the offer comes from the Nazis!

**Translated, it means: "Forget the massacres, the tortures, the slavery we have inflicted upon you. We are short of labour and want you to fight for us. We want you to stop those Russians from approaching the German frontiers."**

### Going, Going—

And Germany has another headache. The position of Finland is hopeless; it is a misfortune for the Finns that Tanner, who hates everything Russian, is their acting Premier.

Unless Finland sues for peace quickly it is unlikely that Stalin will stay his hand.

### 750 to 1

The Anglo-American air offensive creates new records almost every week. That we can make 750 sallies over France in a single day for the loss of a single 'plane is proof that the enemy is holding his hand until our landing craft and troops make an appearance.

He is wise to conserve his strength. For the American bombers alone have reduced his output of fighter 'planes by 40 per cent.

### New Weapons

None the less, it would be folly to underrate either his strength or his ingenuity. Months ago JOHN BULL suggested that he was busy on technical developments.

Now it is reported from abroad that he has perfected infra-red searchlights to detect our blind-bombing formations. A new type of Messerschmitt has been encountered. A seven-ton mortar is being used against the Russians. And there are those notorious glider-bomb and rocket-bomb installations, of which reports have also come from abroad.

They can perhaps be taken more seriously than the Japanese claim to a death-ray that will instantaneously destroy the entire British Navy!

### On Jap Soil

Well, Japan needs a fillip. The Americans' air supremacy enabled them to bomb the Marshall Islands on twenty-two consecutive days before the invasion was launched.

**There is still fighting to do by the men who made the landings. The Japanese fight to the death; rarely can they be taken prisoner.**

### Pincer Move

What is happening in the Marshalls is the beginning of a vast pincer movement to converge on Japan itself.

Admiral Nimitz is right in saying that naval power alone will never defeat our enemies in the Far East. We must bring air power to bear—and that means we must make land conquests in order to gain air bases.

### World Barter

One other American has been talking of the future—Vice-President Wallace, the man who believes in "the century of the common man."

He advocates a barter plan to ensure world peace and promote prosperity. A sort of Lend-Lease, in fact, which has already been suggested in these columns.

Can anyone devise a simpler, fairer system? We can only note that no one has yet proposed a better one.

### Only Details!

But surely it would not be hard to improve on our Government's proposals for a post-war Britain?

Certainly we are now being given details about this and that feature of preparing for peace. Yet details are not much good unless one knows the pattern of the whole. And apparently there is to be no pattern!

### No Plan

Which is to say that there is no plan into which all these details should fit. Our leaders, indeed, seem frightened to take a broad, comprehensive view of all that will have to be done after the war and which must be started *before* the war ends.

Perhaps they are afraid of vested interests, of the upholders of privilege and power, of other relics from the bad old days.

**But men and women in the Forces, at the factory bench, and all the other scenes of war work, seem determined that the bad old days shall be followed by a new age of equity and sanity.**

*(Continued overleaf)*

## EARLY TO WORK

● **Children in his village have to get up at five in the morning to "work for sixpence an hour" before going off to school, complains Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, M.P.**

**And what of the towns and cities? We can tell Mr. Lindsay that in one London district 40 per cent. of the children work outside school hours!**

**However poor their parents, this system is indefensible. Children need plenty of sleep—and they don't get enough if they have to rise at five or six a.m. Nor can they do justice to their lessons if they arrive at school jaded and tired.**

**But reform is promised. And what a reform!**

**The age at which children can be employed before and after school hours, on Saturdays, Sundays and during holidays, is to be raised from ten to eleven!**

**Surely Britain can do better for its eleven-year-olds?**


***"YOUR PRACTICAL HELP IN SUCH TRAGIC CIRCUMSTANCES—***

*is very much appreciated," writes Mrs. E. Fox, of Preston, nr. Hull, in acknowledging cheque paid by "John Bull" when her husband was killed by an anti-personnel bomb dropped in a recent air raid.*

**JOHN BULL offers a Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's) to Fire Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Home Guards—in fact, to every civilian reader.**

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE other week this paper complained of the niggardly salaries paid to teachers. We warned the President of the Board of Education that unless he stepped up salaries by at least half he'd never get the right sort of teacher.

Our complaint was an understatement. Letters which have come in in the last few days have shown that all too clearly.

## Unbelievable

These letters have been received from headmasters and their assistants all over the country and they give facts that ought to be brought home to parents everywhere.

*Mr. Butler must pay more*

Incredible facts. Because nearly all mothers and fathers are inclined to set a teacher's value high Otherwise they wouldn't send their children so willingly to school.

Yet a college-trained, certificated, married woman teacher, with ten years' pre-marriage experience, took home £9 0s. 6d. at the end of last month after her income-tax and superannuation deductions had been made—£3 less a month than the part-time caretaker who'd swept the floors at her school.

## After Thirty-five Years

**Two uncertificated women teachers on the staff of a County Durham school, each with over thirty-five years of very satisfactory and efficient service, now get £174 a year, plus bonus, but minus income-tax and superannuation. Result, £3 10s. a week.**

## Added Work

While this sort of wage packet is being handed out, the responsibilities of teachers everywhere have been growing.

Shortage of staff, sidelines such as collecting for war savings, salvage and the troops, the black-out, as well as school meals, and the various compulsory health measures—all these have added to teachers' work.

## Their Moral Code

No wonder fully trained married women are chary of going back to school.

In exchange for their wonderful pay they are not only expected to give their very best to the children, but in many parts of the country they are expected to live up to a moral code completely different from that of their neighbours.

## Cited, Sacked

**Members of Swansea Educational Committee were right to protest the other day when they heard that a teaching certificate had been withdrawn because the teacher had been the co-respondent in divorce proceedings.**

**If a cited M.P. can sit in Parliament, surely a teacher should be able to return to his classroom.**

## Out of Retirement

But teachers are not the only ones who get poor thanks for helping the country by returning for emergency service.

We've heard about a seventy-two-year-old ex-bricklayer who came out of his "retirement" to do a job on bomb-damaged property. As soon as the pensions authorities heard that he was earning more than £3 a week they stopped his pension and his seventy-three-year-old wife's as well.

## Six Weeks' Wait

This meant that for his week's work he received 39s. more than if he had stayed at home. Last November he fell ill and wasn't able to get about for some weeks.

He applied for his pension again. More than six weeks afterwards he was asked to fill in a form.

## "If in Need"

This man has had no money since November and has been told to apply to the Relieving Officer if he's in need. A nice thing to say to a man without any means who was proud enough of his country to try a job again when most people would have thought themselves too old.

## Two for One

A much younger man—the Fuel Controller of a rural district in the North Midlands—isn't wanted where he thought he belonged—in the Forces.

After several deferment periods were over his employers got a substitute who was trained in the work. The retiring controller went to the employment exchange for directions and was astonished to find they knew nothing about him. They advised him to go back to his job. He did; and the local ratepayers now have two Fuel Controllers to look after them.

## All at Sea

The ways of the call-up are sometimes too strange to comprehend. A South Shields man, a skilled oxy-acetylene burner, was busy on a Government job last December when he was called up for the Navy.

He had passed his medical Grade I. When he reported to the naval authorities he passed his trade test, was issued with kit and inoculated. Then he had another medical.

## How Did It Happen?

He failed and was discharged. When he went to his own doctor he found that he was so ill that he'd have to go into a sanatorium for several months.

How did this man ever come to be graded A1 at his first medical? His illness was not the sort that comes overnight.

## Home on Leave

Now here's a case which the Sunderland authorities ought to look into. Unfortunately, it's typical of conditions in a good many other places besides Sunderland.

A man who's been in the artillery for two years came home on leave and found that his wife had been forced to quit the house they'd been living in because the stairs had become unsafe. She had got two rooms at another place. *But one of them wasn't fit to use, so she and her four children (all under four years of age) were living in a single room.*

## Without Water

The husband heard that when his last child was born four months ago, the midwife had to fetch water from a neighbour.

Day after day during his leave this soldier looked round Sunderland for decent accommodation. He slept at the Y.M.C.A. because there wasn't room for him with his family.

## Go Into Reserves

Too many houses up and down the country are being held in reserve for bombed-out families. A Middlesex reader who has one bedroom for himself, his wife and his three children, in a flat condemned by the sanitary inspector, cannot get a house from the local council.

There are empty houses in the district. It would be better to use them than to keep them for hypothetical bomb victims.

## A Joke—

A copy of the magazine *Men Only* for last November found its way out to some of our men in the Mediterranean theatre. It contained an article called "Pleasant Tank Schemes," which gave allegedly humorous hints on making manœuvres more interesting. The author was P. L. Rudland.

He suggested that tank men might arrange breakdowns "at some suitable spot." This would certainly mean "*a cup of civvy tea from some kind-hearted person (preferably a woman whose husband is in the Middle East).*"

## —Goes Astray

Sergeant J. H. Vaughan-Williams, M.M., who has been four years abroad, has written to tell us the effect of that sort of rubbish on the men he's with.

His language is strong, and the letter expresses a wish that when he gets home he will have the chance to punch P. L. Rudland's nose.

And that, too, would be no joke.

## Seeing Double

Got a stereoscope you don't want? These Victorian toys in which you used to slide two identical pictures and see them merge into one stereoscopic landscape are badly wanted by flying instructors of the Fleet Air Arm.

Sufficient to say that they can be used to make things more uncomfortable for enemy airmen who attack our convoys. We have promised to send any we receive to a naval air station where they can put them into immediate use.

## Case of Mr. Scott

Week after week JOHN BULL's struggles with the Ministry of Pensions go on. There's very little room these days to describe the cases we take up on readers' behalf, but here is an example of the Ministry's methods which ought to be publicised, and which Sir W. Womersley certainly ought to look into himself. . . .

Albert Scott, of Pitsea, Essex, to on December 29 that he was receiv 100 per cent. pension after a se accident during his Army training.

## Kept in Plaster

He had to stay in plaster and applied for a supplement to his pe last August.

In November, his wife had a baby he asked for an allowance on account.

## Official View

There was more dallying at M. of P. until JOHN BULL took the m up. Then we were informed that the supplement was only paid to a man who was unemployable and couldn't be expected to return to work.

*Sir Walt Womersley little reas grin*

Moreover, it was explained that the Ministry withheld an award because they did not want to depress Scott by labelling him as permanently unemployable.

But, according to the White Paper, supplementation is payable to seriously disabled men who are unemployable. The word "permanently" is not tioned.

The upshot of all this is that instead of getting his supplem pension, is being paid home trea allowances.

## Guilty Conscience?

If the Ministry had done the thing from the beginning, Scott have been paid £3 a week from A when he applied, plus 7s. 6d. for the when it was born in November.

Another significant point. The tion of home treatment allowanc never mentioned till JOHN BULL into the fight. Was that a bit of conscience?

## BEHIND THE NEWS

- Albemarles (twin-engined medium bomber-cum-glider-towing aircraft) are flying on Russian front.
- **Meanwhile, at home American reinforcements of Fortresses and Liberators are more than enough to replace all losses. The offensive will mount.**
- *Almost daily air sallies across the Adriatic in the last month have sunk more than 30,000 tons of shipping carrying supplies from Yugoslavia for the Nazis.*
- Neutral reports lend colour to rumours about Hitler's health. Fuehrer has not been seen in public for over two months. No new photographs of him have been published in the German Press.

# GOING SLOW

ING waited until the coal shortage threatens war production, the Govern-ment has at last decided to let some men leave the Forces for the pits.

N BULL urged this course in 1942, foresee-uel shortage in the factories if it were not

t the Government said the Services could ssibly spare trained men, not even those ere skilled miners before they joined up. made the same excuse all through 1943. w—*now* when coal supplies to the factories lready been cut and the Allies are prepar-r the supreme effort of invasion—it has d its mind.

*Our leaders have taken three years to the fuel facts flood-lit by B.B.C. "fuel es" and proclaimed in endless warnings appeals to the public!*

, at last, Servicemen above certain ages and with or without mining experience are in-o volunteer for the coalfields.

ere are many restrictions, and the total ment to the mines may not exceed 20,000 ho will be placed in the Reserve, and thus o emergency recall.

take no pleasure in saying: "We told you For it should have been obvious from the hat the Services could keep released miners eserve string.

e Government's action is another instance o little and too late." For the untrained ers, like "the Bevin Boys," cannot have ppreciable effect upon output this year—e old hands will be too few to have much

**Yet this is the most critical stage of the and we share General Montgomery's f that the job *could* be finished before ear ends.**

**Provided we all put our hearts into it; ded our leaders break into the double their long slow march!**

s just over three years ago, too, that the London was partially burned down. In ber, 1940, men were registered as Fire , and women a year later.

first this was naturally something of a ift precaution. But the country was pro- new scheme more than a year ago. s was issued in August last and was sup-o come into effect on September 20, 1943, a booklet of lengthy notes was needed to n" the complicated regulations.

in many boroughs and even in some tar-s the new scheme is not in full operation w!

GUARDS in certain provincial areas ard the new regulations as so much e-wash." In London itself, where big have been made to put them into practice, re some Guards who have never yet used p-pump, and many not young enough or gh to do so.

**Rather than maintaining "paper teams," ding veterans of over seventy and others hysically fit for duty, would it not have better to rely upon full-time, fully ed and fully equipped units?**

shouldn't this have been done years ago? ore Christmas, JOHN BULL warned the ment and the country against the danger otage by Slow-Motion," but the snail's s yet to quicken.

Beveridge Report, published on Decem-942, and widely recognised as the crucial test of our leaders' resolve to give us Social Security in our time, is still a furled banner.

All we can look forward to with certainty is a White Paper on the subject—soon!

Housing—Home Problem No. One—has been much in the news of late. While we welcome Lord Portal's short-term programme for the building of prefabricated houses, Government-owned and licensed as dwelling-places for ten years only, we have no confidence in any building plans which lack a foundation in a sound national policy.

And the truth is that no such policy yet exists. "At the moment," says a Tory newspaper, "national planning is entirely nebulous.

"The powers possessed by local authorities are inadequate. The recommendations of the Uthwatt Committee are neither accepted nor rejected."

That might be an echo of our own repeated appeals to the Government—which still urges local authorities to be ready with building schemes that cannot be put into operation under present conditions!

The City of London had its plan ready by October, 1941, but refused to make it public until the Government had granted protection against land speculators.

That was more than two years ago. And still we are waiting for a decision on the Barlow, Uthwatt and Scott Reports.

There can be only one explanation for such delay—namely, that our leaders can't, or won't, make up their minds about the location of post-war industry, the best utilisation of the country's land resources, and the ticklish questions of land ownership, compensation, and betterment.

Similar indecision—a reluctance to face facts and make plans to fit them—hampers progress in many directions. Promises are plentiful, and performance is pitiful.

Three thousand up-to-date rural homes were promised for last harvest. At the end of the year only 200 (less than 10 per cent.) had actually been completed, and barely half of them were occupied!

Labour difficulties, no doubt, explain this slowness in building permanent cottages. But what a chance has been missed in not trying out prefabricated temporary dwellings!

Even now this may have to be the solution for rural areas.

**Leaders should lead. If they have to be prodded and goaded into necessary action their leadership is a sheer misnomer.**

But it took three years of agitation, three years of public protest and persistent Press campaigning, to get pension appeal boards set up.

And this, mark you, was not a question of post-war reconstruction; it did not impinge upon the rights of property or challenge privilege and vested interest; it was merely a question of bare justice to our fellow-countrymen-in-arms.

WE have been warned repeatedly against the continuing peril of the roads. Not only since the war began, but ever since this Parliament was elected, the nation's traffic casualties have been a national scandal.

And we know—everybody knows—that our out-of-date road system is inadequate to the machine age.

Yet Mr. Noel Baker's recent speech on this subject, his sketchy outline of the Government's plans to cope with an urgent human problem, offers no prospect of drastic action.

Above all, there is no sign of co-ordinating transport, yet this is essential if distribution is to be rationalised.

When will our political leaders cease to tinker and to dither? When will they pluck up courage to attack the big jobs on the Home Front as resolutely as they expect the Forces to attack the enemy and the people to attack the daily job?

**"The common man" is fighting this war. He has the right to be impatient of needless delay.**

**The Government is going dangerously slow. It *must* quicken the pace.**

# *Civil War Has Started In France*

ABOUT one year ago I asked a former French Minister who had just escaped from Paris whether there would be civil war in France after the liberation.

His answer was an emphatic "No." He explained that the active quislings represented only 5 per cent. of the population.

The worst among them, a few thousands, would be dealt with by special courts, and the rest deprived of their civic rights for a number of years.

I had my doubts.

A simple calculation told me that 5 per cent. amounted to 2,000,000 people spread all over the country.

In every street, in every village, countless local accounts would inevitably be settled between patriots and traitors before De Gaulle's Government or the Allied commanders would have a chance to intervene.

★ ★ ★

But such speculations are idle: *civil war has already begun.*

Darnand has started the battle with his offensive against patriots in the Savoy mountains, which has the approval of both Pétain and Laval

Since I talked to the former French Minister a year ago the percentage of active collaborationists has been halved again.

But there remains a hard core of scoundrels who have nothing to lose but their lives and their wealth.

★ ★ ★

These men will, exactly like their German counterparts in Himmler's S.S., fight to the end.

They are fighting now.

It is these men who are making civil war inevitable after the German defeat.

True, they are not numerous. I recently asked the Minister of the Interior in De Gaulle's Government (M. Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie) for his estimate of the French Militia, Darnand's French S.S.: "Between 15,000 and 20,000," he told me.

One might object that a real "civil war" is hardly necessary in a country of 40,000,000 to finish off 15,000 or 20,000 men.

But they have been powerfully armed by the Germans.

Besides, popular anger will not be confined to the Militia proper. A substantial part of Vichy's militarised police will have been driven to join the Militia.

The average French patriot cannot be expected to make a subtle distinction between the men who arrested him, ill-treated him, or fired at him in the years of the occupation.

Feeling has hardened up in France—as in all Nazi-occupied countries—during the last year.

The question is whether civil war in France can be kept within "reasonable" limits.

The moral authority of General de Gaulle and of the French National Committee, as well as that of the Allied Governments, will be considerable at the time of the liberation.

★ ★ ★

But it will not—and I am repeating here the considered opinion of some of the most important men of the Algiers Government—be sufficient to prevent a violent revenge for which millions of Frenchmen have been longing during years of suffering and exasperated helplessness.

The wisest course, if we want to avoid a disastrous civil war, is not to attempt to intervene against a short, but bloody, outburst of legitimate popular anger.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

# We Must Foot the Bill Of Our War

IT can be argued—a friend developed the theme with some passion when we discussed it the other day—that future generations, having been granted the privilege of living in freedom, should foot the bill for ensuring that freedom.

"By the time this show is over," declared my friend, "we shall have been paying through the nose for at least five years.

"Income tax has deprived many of us of the chance to save money. We pay extortionate prices for inferior cigarettes and low-grade beer.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

"We have seen for years more than half our income vanish in direct and in indirect taxation.

"Because of our financial sacrifices and because of the hardships and discomfort and want we have endured, the State should ensure that as soon after the war as possible the immediate burden of the war is lifted wherever possible and the responsibility of that burden passed on to posterity."

That is his case. At first glance it seems sensible. But it just doesn't hold water either financially or normally.

Someone must pay the interest on War Bonds and War Savings Certificates; let alone meet the cost of redeeming those loans. How, I asked, could we do that without maintaining taxation at a high level?

★ ★ ★

We need scores of thousands of beautiful new homes; we need new roads, new schools, new clinics, new standards, and new conceptions of life and living. And the cost of those things must eventually be paid by the taxpayer. How?

By taxing luxury goods, he replied, taxing them heavily so that the rich contribute their real share to the cost of running the country.

But the working girl's lipstick is as much a luxury as the Mayfair lady's mink coat. And the working man's motor-cycle is a luxury, as is the director's limousine.

And if luxury taxes become too harsh, then the luxury trades languish and die; and the goose that laid the fiscal golden eggs dies, too.

Morally, the suggestion that we of to-day should be granted what amounts to a financial moratorium while we "pass the buck" to generations yet to come is a barefaced swindle.

It is handing down, with an economic vengeance, the sins of the fathers.

★ ★ ★

It's our war and our bill. We shan't be able to pay the cost of it in our time, but we shall have to take what economic strain we can and still leave a legacy of debt to our children, and to their children.

In any case, middle-aged people of to-day have become so accustomed to the financial burden of war—this is the second bill of its kind in their lifetime—that they would respond uncertainly to a moratorium on national debt repayment.

And, again, most of them are creditors for hundreds of pounds, looking upon war savings as financial stability in an unstable world.

I'd like to hear of someone who can solve this economic riddle-me-ree.

## Marshal JOSEPH STALIN,

### Supreme Commander-in-Chief, the Red Army

DEAR MARSHAL,—More than a year ago in the shell-torn ruins of the city that bears your name came the turning point not only of the war but of history.

For Stalingrad was the real *spiritual* test of the Red Army, that fighting force welded from teachers and peasants, students and mechanics, farm workers and trappers.

Whatever triumphs the Red Army may yet achieve—and they will be many and mighty—they will not, cannot scale the peaks of sacrifice and heroism they reached then. For at Stalingrad was shattered Hitler's dream of world domination; and the men who died there saved not only Russia but civilisation.

**Next Wednesday, when the United Nations observe the 25th anniversary of the formation of the Red Army, millions of people the world over will remember with pride and gratitude the greatness of your fighting men.**

In this country where we, too, have had our darkest hour—the Battle of Britain was, *our* Stalingrad—there is unbounded and ungrudging admiration for the way the Red Army has turned the scales of history against Hitler and his vandals.

Once a shuddering Europe used to ask: "What will Hitler's next move be?" To-day a hopeful Europe asks: "Where will Stalin strike next?" There could be no greater tribute to your army or to your superb leadership.—JOHN BULL.

*P.S.—Every Briton, I hope, will pay practical tribute on Wednesday to your cause by supporting the Red Army Flag Day. The call for medical supplies on the vast Eastern front is, I am told, on an unprecedented scale.*

# OPEN LETTERS

## Sir FELIX POLE,

### Chairman, Associated Electrical Industries

DEAR SIR FELIX,—When you were a boy Britain was too busy becoming a great industrial nation to spare time and money for the youth of the country.

Then, boys and girls were only so much fodder for the industrial machine.

Now, as enlightenment grows and the school-leaving age is to be raised to the age of 15, it seems that poor school children are to get at last something like a break. But I gather that if you have your way not all of them will get that break.

You argue that the raising of the school-leaving age will deprive industry of some 700,000 potential recruits for each year that the age is raised. And you do not believe that all children of 14 will benefit from staying on at school an extra year or two.

**Do you, then, maintain that the first priority claim on the life of a child is the need of industry?**

Can you maintain, sincerely and without prejudice, that a year's work in a factory is more important to a child than an extra year at school?

Yours is a modern industry. Why not modernise your outlook?—JOHN BULL.

## Dr. NEVILLE GORTON,

### Bishop of Coventry

MY LORD,—Your conception of a new Cathedral rising of the ruins of the old awakens in the hearts of all followers of Christ the hope that outworn notions of sacrificial Christianity are being discarded.

You plan to link the cathedral with a centre—conducted in full partnership with the Free Churches—of service to the whole community.

"Unity," you say, "is the key to the whole conception. It is not bricks and mortar I want. Unless the scheme is accepted as a spiritual scheme, I should prefer to see it rejected."

In the past too many churches and cathedrals have been erected not to the glory of God but to the monumental pride of man.

**A wooden hut where Faith lives is a greater asset to mankind than the most imposing cathedral wherein the pomp and splendour of ritual overshadows and dwarfs the spiritual needs of man.**

If out of the blitzed ruins of the old building you create a People's Cathedral where Faith and Love are valued more highly than Creed and Class, yours will be a significant achievement.—JOHN BULL.

## Dr. D. W. WINNICOTT,

### Paddington Green Children's Hospital

DEAR SIR,—As a psycho-analyst, you are no doubt an expert on mental disorders and reactions.

As a physician, you have knowledge of the ills of the body. But as a medical man airing his views on the birching of children, you cut as much ice as a butterfly landing at the North Pole.

"If," you declare, "there is proof that the unconscious revenge of the public demands the birching of children, then, sooner or later, if birching were abolished, an anti-social boy would be set upon by the public and savaged."

What repressions are at work here? What makes you create a sadistic public lusting for vengeance on a wayward boy? And what peculiar flight of hysterical fancy impels you to a vision of lynch law in this law-abiding island?

**The birch is on its way out, along with other social and legal anachronisms.—JOHN BULL.**

## Major BUCKLEY,

### Famous Football Manager

DEAR MAJOR BUCKLEY,—You've certainly got the ball at your feet. It's a golden one and it's going to roll to the tune of at least £4,000 a year when you take over your duties as manager of Notts County F.C.

A manager, like a labourer and a footballer, is worthy of his hire. But while the autocrats of the game limit to a comparative pittance the earnings of, say, a genius like Stanley Matthews, clubs can pay fabulous salaries to their officials.

It is true that men like you find the stars, build them up and blend them into money-making teams. Yet the player remains the attraction and draws the gate. Don't you agree?

Anyhow, your appointment proves that there *is* big money in sport, even if the players don't get it.—JOHN BULL.

## Mr. E. L. LEEMING,

### Surveyor, Urmston District Council

DEAR SIR,—In order to preserve the beauty of the North Country you are reported to have drawn up a plan providing for the transportation of some people from Lancashire to Rhodesia.

**Your reason?—"So that the beauty which I love will never be spoiled." Has it occurred to you that the 500,000 Lancastrians you would send to a strange and unfamiliar land may also love the green, smiling beauty of the English countryside?**

Perhaps, they, too, want to preserve that beauty. Perhaps they wish to remain in the country where that beauty soothes and comforts them. Perhaps they prefer even the greyness of Lancashire skies and the drabness of Lancashire streets to the strong South African sunshine.

Why not ask them? I know the answer you'd get!—JOHN BULL.

# Sailors Fly 4 Miles Up!

*The homing pilot does not look at the deck; his eye must be fixed on the batsman whose skilful instructions guide him to a safe landing*

I HAVE not been *Out With The Navy* this week.

I have been *Up With The Navy* instead.

I have been flying with that new type of sailor whose domain is the air as well as the sea.

I reached the Fleet Air Arm station in question the same time as a batch of newly trained pilots just arrived from Canada.

They had been sent to Canada to learn how to handle an aeroplane.

Now they were back to be introduced to the actual machines they would fly with the Royal Navy—and to learn combat in all its many branches.

It sounds easy, if you say it quickly enough.

But combat, nowadays, consists of aerobatics, spins, formation flying, forced landing, dog-fights, cloud fighting, take-off from aircraft carriers, interception, deflection shooting, keeping tryst with returning bombers, and scores of other manœuvres beside.

All to be learnt in a matter of weeks, and then—action!

Let us look at these new arrivals. Their faces are joyously eager.

Such pride have they in the Fleet Air Arm that they wonder why every young man with a love of adventure doesn't want to join it.

Their instructors-to-be examine them keenly, anxiously, hopeful that they will find nothing of that over-confidence which is disastrous to the young flying man. They find none. Good.

## First Solo

And now their jaws drop. They are to start off with a passenger flight round the district—*a passenger flight, and they qualified airmen.*

Well, orders are orders.

But what is this they are being told? That they'd better keep a good look-out for landmarks, as this is the last passenger flight they will make. After that—their first solo in a Spitfire.

A few last words of advice and then, one after the other, they were off.

Up in the air I got a fairly near glimpse of one or two of their faces. There was joy, pride, masterfulness—but nothing of cockiness stamped there: some youthful zest the Greek masters missed in their sculptures of the gods.

Back in the control tower I saw them making their regulation circles of the aerodrome before landing. Perfect circles and near-perfect landings. Perhaps too much of a bounce now and then, but it was to be expected.

They were out again next day.

## Grounded Cockpit

**Given their routes and other orders, they called at the met. offices for their weather reports, sat for their parachute packs to be draped round them, hoisted themselves into their tight cockpits, unleashed the power of their engines and were off as if it had all been a matter of daily occurrence for years.**

I can mention but few of the training methods employed.

I got behind a machine-gun to test one of the several devices which report on a man's aerial shooting without his firing an actual round.

"Afraid you're dead," they told me. "You kept aiming where the 'enemy' machine *was*."

Then, telling me my two cannon and machine-gun were synchronised to give maximum effect on an enemy fifty yards away, they asked me to open fire at that range on an approaching "enemy."

I did (again being tested by instruments without actually firing a round).

I was presented with the plain fact that I had opened fire after this "enemy machine" had passed me!

Then they explained the neat little device that gives range estimation in the twinkling of an eyelid, and showed me how to make proper use of my sights.

After that I gathered that if I had really been faced with an enemy machine, and I was firing real rounds and he had none left, I might reasonably suppose from the results shown that I had hit him!

On the aerodrome is a cockpit which never leaves the ground.

I didn't enter it, but I looked in through a glass window.

## Knowing the Enemy

In this totally enclosed cockpit young pilots are taught what it is like to fly at 20,000 ft. and more without leaving the ground.

They enter it four at a time. The air around them gets colder, as if they were steadily rising. Gets rarer, too, until—at round about 14,000 ft.—they plug in to the oxygen supply.

The doctor, sitting outside, can talk to each one separately through an intercom., and he asks the first of them to begin writing.

While he writes, a second pilot is quietly instructed to detach him from the oxygen apparatus.

You see him falter in his writing for a moment and then slump into unconsciousness.

Almost at once he is plugged into the oxygen again—and continues his writing without ever knowing that he ever lost consciousness.

Every one of the four is tested in this way, so that they know the importance of their oxygen supply and treat it with respect.

I went into a peculiar building where the young pilots are taught aircraft recognition—even of the newest Japanese types of machine.

Part of the building slides away like a giant telescope, enabling instructors to show pupils how every known type of war machine looks at every angle up to a thousand yards away.

They have to recognise every machine before it is within 700 yards of them, not only as to whether it is friend or foe, but as to how it can best be shot down.

## Out With the Navy—4

### By MAURICE FAGENCE

**A light flashes on. When that light flashes out again you have lost your chance of bringing the enemy down, and have probably been brought down yourself instead.**

**I regret to say that I was brought down each time.**

Then I saw the young pilots practising their first landings on the deck of an aircraft carrier and saw a man whose war job I don't envy.

He is known as "the batsman." Every aircraft carrier has one.

He stands near an open hatch at the stern of the vessel, so that he can jump to safety in a second if a machine charges him down.

He holds in both hands two bat-like objects with which he instructs the carrier's homing aircraft when to land and how.

It would be foolish for the pilot to look at the ship's deck and decide for himself. Aircraft carriers couldn't use their guns with men landing in that way. Or manœuvre. They would be in danger throughout the operation.

**No, the approaching pilot must take his instructions from the batsman, who is not only studying the speed, altitude and approach of the aircraft, but knows something of what the ship is doing as well.**

The batsman lowers his hands to bring the pilot lower—raises them to send him higher. And just to the extent that he wants him to rise or descend.

His hands quiver frantically when he wants the pilot to give more engine. I haven't the space to give the full range of the messages he can send.

And so at last he gives the "cut" signal, and the young pilot is down—proud and happy if it should be his first success.

## War Pilots at Last

Back to the control tower to see how the newest batch of pilots are faring in their Spitfires.

Sometimes we get a little doubtful about the whereabouts of one or other of them.

We ring up Observer Corps—and they tell us at once.

Once when we asked they said: "Why, he's flying over your control tower!"

And so it has become a rare thing for any of these keen young fellows to meet with even the smallest disaster.

Over-confidence remains their main enemy until the day when they get into their motor-coaches again to drive away—fully trained *war* pilots at last—to bring new distinction to a remarkable new branch of the Royal Navy.

Seeing them, knowing all they have to learn in a few short weeks, one marvels.

# *Rebel Miners Still Fight Franco*

TWO Spanish peasants, toiling along a dust-covered road in the mountains of Asturias, paused a moment as the creak of a branch reached their ears.

Peering nervously among the trees which lined the road, one of them suddenly clutched the other's arm and pointed to a human shape swinging among the branches.

It was one of Franco's civil guards.

Pinned to the dead man's clothing was a warning to other civil guards to keep out of the mountains.

★ ★ ★

Such bodies are regularly found hanging from wayside trees and telegraph poles.

The civil war in Spain, despite its official ending some six years ago, still goes on!

In particular, the men who for years have worked the coal mines in the mountains of Asturias are fighting Franco.

They have taken their families—in some cases even their cattle and other livestock—away from their homes and moved them into the mine workings.

And Franco's men cannot catch them there!

★ ★ ★

The rebels, living like troglodytes, sometimes four or five miles from the nearest entrances to the workings, are more impregnably housed than if they were in the strongest of concrete fortifications.

Franco, in desperation, has even tried to turn these underground strongholds into living tombs by dynamiting the entrances.

But it was a waste of time.

The rebels merely used alternative entrances of which the civil guards were—and always are—totally ignorant.

These underground guerillas have no difficulty in obtaining food, arms and ammunition.

They are well served with information as to official movements, and when in need of supplies they lay careful plans.

The result of these plans is usually the derailment of a train bound for France and loaded down with war goods for reshipment to Germany.

And before any official troops can arrive, the guerillas, having helped themselves to everything they need, have faded away into the holes which lead to their subterranean homes.

Many, many of Franco's civil guards have been despatched to the mountains to put down this insurrection.

Few, very few, have ever returned!

★ ★ ★

Franco is putting up a show of independence in an attempt to impress the Allies.

The Allies are not impressed.

They know that behind the false façade he has built lies a smouldering population.

Is Franco fiddling while Spain burns?

PATRICK SPENCER.

# Let's Look at the Balkans

*The courage of Yugoslav fighters seems to have unnerved this German soldier—he searches for arms cautiously!*

THE need of seeing the war *as a whole* cannot be too steadily kept in mind. We must not, for example, set events in Italy in contrast with the events in Russia.

They are not separate, isolated events. They are two facets of the same event. To be understood they must be seen in their relation to each other.

From the Russian angle the attack on Hitler's fortress is surging forward with a momentum that suggests that victory is "just round the corner." From the Italian angle it is still a long way off.

On the one front, the German war machine is shattered and in flight. On the other it is firm as a rock, and has brought the brilliant pursuit that began at El Alamein to something like a standstill.

This is due in part to the appalling terrain. We are fighting the German army *plus* the Apennines. Every mountain peak is a fortress to be stormed. Every raging winter torrent is fighting on the side of the enemy.

* * *

But these are not the only reasons of the hold-up. Great as her peril in the East is, Germany is hag-ridden by a still greater peril that is imminent.

*Invasion from the West is the unknown terror that is shaping German strategy. It is the impression all over Germany that invasion by the Anglo-American armies will decide the war.*

If the invasion succeeds the war will be lost by Germany. If it fails, it will not mean victory for Germany, but the best that can now be hoped for—a stalemate.

At this critical moment, therefore, the imperious aim of German strategy is to hamstring the invasion from the West. It had been hoped that the U-boat would do this by levying too murderous a toll on British and American shipping.

But the defeat of the U-boat has destroyed this hope, and another means of upsetting the invasion plans had to be sought even at the expense of weakening the Eastern front.

Retreat on that front, in any case, was now compulsory, and the mud of Poland might be relied on to stay the Russian advance to the fortified line of the German frontier until May.

* * *

Three months' grace! How could it best be used to take the wind out of the sails of the great invasion? Clearly a smashing blow at the Allies in Italy offered the opportunity.

The mountains favoured them. The rivers favoured them. The weather favoured them. The invading armies were exhausted by their two thousand miles pursuit from Egypt and by twelve months of ceaseless fighting, culminating in their battle with the mountains and the rivers.

If our armies could be decisively held here, still better if they could be hurled back into the sea, the urgent purpose of German strategy would be achieved.

The whole programme of the grand invasion would be thrown out of gear. We could not let the great venture begun in Africa peter out in failure, and every effort we made to redeem the situation in Italy would hamper us in the far greater blow that we are about to launch in the West.

The feared invasion might go off at half-cock. It might even be delayed till too late to be effective this summer. Meantime the Russian advance might be held at the German frontier.

* * *

And there were other considerations. All testimony agrees about the low morale of Germany. For more than a year there has been an uninterrupted record of failure. Defeat in the air, at sea, on land.

Goebbels is at his wits' end to raise the spirit of the country—witness the amazing lie that in the recent attack on London 750 planes were engaged.

The Gestapo is working desperately to the same end by means of the firing squad. During last year 1,500 German students were shot for demonstrations and "unco-operative behaviour."

In such circumstances we can understand the hunger of the High Command for a bit of good news.

And what news could be so exhilarating as that of victory over the Army that has chased them out of Africa, across the Mediterranean and into the mainland of Europe?

It is for these reasons that the German High Command have decided to make the Battle for Rome a major trial of strength in the war. For this they have depleted their reserves in Russia, scoured the Continent for the pick of their available troops, and poured into Italy all the material at their command.

But there is yet another reason. What is our purpose in the Italian campaign?

Not primarily to conquer Italy. Certainly not to consummate our invasion of Germany by way of the Brenner. We have had enough of the Italian mountains without "taking on" the mountains of the Tyrol. That would be piling Pelion on Ossa with a vengeance. Nor are we there simply to relieve the pressure on Russia.

*We are in Italy because of its strategic position. It is a jumping-off ground, east and west.*

From it we can fan out to France on the left, to the Balkans on the right. From it, if we can only advance far enough, we can use our dominion of the air to complete the destruction of the German war machine from without.

We are not yet far enough up the leg of Italy fully to accomplish these objects. This is why German strategy has decided that at all costs our advance must be halted south of Rome.

**ITS EYE, LIKE OUR OWN, IS MAINLY ON THE BALKANS AND THE BACK DOOR TO GERMANY.**

That door has become alarmingly shaky. Consider the facts.

(1) The fall of Italy left the whole burden of holding the Balkans to the Germans.

(2) The loss of the Mediterranean has enormously increased that burden.

(3) The heroic struggle of the Yugoslavs has played havoc with the German communications with the Balkans.

(4) The course of the war has filled Ger-

# Nine Against

KNOW your enemy! What manner of men are the German generals whom Hitler has chosen to defend the Fortress of Europe against Allied invasion?

We all know about Rommel. As Inspector-General he has a roving commission; he will not command any single German army in the field when the great test arrives.

Hitler has now chosen the key field commanders. And they make up a curiously mixed team.

There is the foxy, cynical Austro-Bavarian General Eduard Dietl, who commands the German divisions in Finland. Dietl, an outright Nazi, gained rapid promotion after his former commanding officer had died mysteriously.

At Narvik he proved a good leader of men. Now his troops are reported to be low-spirited. Maybe they fear that Dietl's bluff is to be called.

★ ★ ★

Very different is General Falkenhorst, the stiff-lipped, taciturn commander in Norway. Everything in his life and work has been orthodox.

A little known desk-general, Von Hannaecken, commands in Denmark —which the Nazis regard as highly vulnerable to attack.

Those who know him speak of a streak of cruelty in his mental make-up; his recent oppression of Danish patriots bear out this assertion. His military qualifications, on the other hand, are not impressive.

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★ **Following a year of failure, Germany stresses the importance of the Battle for Rome in current propaganda; the High Command stakes everything on holding Rome—its loss would leave the road to the Balkans wide open to us.**

## By A. G. GARDINER

many's allies in South-Eastern Europe with panic. Hungary and Rumania hate each other "like poison."

But they have one thing in common. It is to get out of the war at any price. They will be first in the *sauve qui peut* which is coming.

* * *

Add to all this two things. The Russian avalanche is sweeping irresistibly to the borders of Bessarabia. The British Armies are in Italy and on the shores of the Adriatic.

*The two facts are profoundly related. They constitute a vast pincer movement closing in on the Balkans and the Danube valley, which is the back entry to Germany.*

When the pincers meet, as they will, the whole Balkan system as a part of Hitler's fortress will fall. And great will be the consequences of that fall.

Not the least of those consequences will be the drying up of the only natural supply of oil open to the enemy.

Morally, materially and militarily the linking up of the Russian and the Anglo-American Armies and the forcing of the back door to Berlin will be the prelude to the end.

And it is because the further advance of the Anglo-American Armies up the leg of Italy will seal the fate of the Balkans that the German High Command is staking everything on the Battle for Rome.

# Second Front

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One of his little habits is to sign death sentences on innocent hostages before breakfast.

Blaskowitz, upright, ugly to look at, gives you the impression of a military clerk rather than of a field officer. But make no mistake: he is a good soldier.

*General Christiansen—"defender" of the Dutch*

Outspoken to the point of rudeness, he has often been in conflict with his fellow-generals and Nazi leaders—which accounts for his long retirement, only recently ended.

Lastly, Baron Weichs "of the Balkans" is an aristocratic, aloof, scientific strategist whose grey eyes glance through thick spectacles.

Weichs now fights guerillas—with little success. But he may prove a more formidable opponent in more orthodox military operations.

In the hands of these men is Hitler's defence plan. Certainly they demand respect. But their recent pronouncements and activities do not convey the impression that they are over-confident. They are protesting too much.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

*A normal jump looks hair-raising enough to anyone but the trained paratroop*

# No Circus Could Rival Them

## By Michael Cloud

**"I'm going—to jump. Hold on—to me. Pull you free! Hold on! Can you hear?"**

**Trevor nodded sharply twice, and gripped Cook's harness with hands and feet.**

**Cook jumped free, as the line untwisted. . . .**

His body went hurtling away down into the abyss; but Trevor, defeated by a sudden blast of air, was unhitched from his grip and left swinging on the end of the line as before.

No! *Not* as before!

For Alfred Cook, as he hung there, had performed the impossible. He had freed the line from its kinks and twists, and now there was a chance—a slender chance still, but ten thousand times more than before—to pull Trevor up into the aircraft.

Cook went sailing away down; his parachute opened suddenly; his body, which had been slowly going head-over-heels, jerked into an upright position—and the men in the aircraft saw the white blob of his face instantly turn upwards and stare at Trevor.

The men crouched round the open doors in its belly began, with infinite precaution, to try to haul the line in.

They sweated so that they constantly had to wipe a slippery hand on chest or trouser; they leaned over the great gulf in which Trevor hung till it looked as if they would hurtle out to join him.

He came slowly twisting upwards, like a salmon in a slow-motion film. A big fellow with arms like a gorilla reached right down into the windy gulf, while three others gripped his legs.

"Farther — a bit farther, mates. . . ."

And then the man who was coming back from the dead felt a human grip on his shoulder, clutching up a handful of his tunic—felt a hand go beneath his other armpit. . . .

And so they dragged him in.

### Five Lines Broken

"Gawd! 'E must 'ave forgot 'is identity disc!" one of them said in a high-pitched voice. "Nice of yer to come back for it, mate."

There was a chorus of shrill, exhausted laughter.

And, far down below, beyond the edge of the battle area, Alfred Cook was expertly disengaging his parachute harness. As he did so, he noticed something.

Five of the parachute rigging lines were broken.

Whoever made that parachute put honest work into it; otherwise Alfred Cook would have hit the earth like a falling thunderbolt and died.

But he was not thinking of that. He was wondering about Trevor. Had they managed to pull him in, after all? Had the line snapped?

**Goole—and England—can be proud of this man. They gave him the George Medal. Few would have dared to attempt what he did; not, perhaps, one man in a million could have succeeded as he did hanging there in mid-air with Death screaming at his shoulder.**

MEN were training for the Second Front. Huge, fat-bodied aeroplanes hurtled across the sky above what looked like a violent battle, with guns rocking and stabbing the air, smoke-screens drifting, and tanks and lorries and self-propelled guns darting about below.

From the aeroplanes, scores and hundreds of black dots spattered like pepper from a collection of pepper-pots; then the dots blossomed into canopies and became paratroops.

High-ranking officers watching from below made sudden exclamations—pointed upwards. . . .

One of the dots had failed to detach itself from the great aircraft that was tearing across the sky at four miles a minute. That twisting, writhing black dot was a man whose parachute had failed to open, and he was hanging outside the aircraft far below and behind it.

The paratroop's name was Trevor. He said later that he abandoned all hope, spreadeagled there by the terrific force of the wind, turned over by it so that he could catch fleeting glimpses of men peering horror-struck from above in the machine's belly, and then swiftly blown round again.

It could not be imagined that the line could hold more than a minute or so. When it broke, Trevor would fall like a stone.

Above, in the aircraft, Sergeant-Instructor Alfred Cook, a Yorkshireman from Goole, was struggling to pull Trevor back into the machine.

There was only one thing to do, and Cook swiftly started to do it, while the faces of tough paratroops waiting to jump turned white.

### Million to One

**For Alfred Cook was fastening his parachute tight against his body, while preparing to climb down that slender line as the aircraft roared along in mid-air. The line could not be expected to hold one man—it must almost certainly break under the weight of two. But—the aeroplane could not land without killing Trevor; to delay meant that the line would snap, anyway; Cook took the millionth chance.**

He clambered out into the air that whistled and poured past the streamlined underbelly of the machine. He had to cling with hands, feet, legs and eyebrows. Then he began to go down the line hand over hand, hand over hand.

Below, the guns thudded and the tanks rattled and roared. All around in the sky other aircraft were sprinkling down their paratroops. The sun shone brilliantly.

### Snatched from Death

The line did not snap. Cook took one hand off and swiftly clutched at Trevor. He almost fell, recovered, and made another snatch.

He grabbed a foot, and in holding it almost dislodged his own one-handed grip from the line. Hooking his elbow round Trevor's foot, he released that hand, and with it tried to release Trevor's parachute.

The men peering down from above could see the two of them swinging and twisting, sailing along at the end of the outstretched line that twanged in the wind like a violin-string about to crack through being keyed too tight. They could see Cook's teeth set deep in his lower lip, and Trevor's eyes blinking with fatigue.

The slipstream from the powerful motors above suddenly took a hand in the drama. Like a live thing, it clutched at Cook's parachute and began to force out the rigging lines from the bag.

The two bodies swung round and round in the slipstream, their equipment reflecting the sun in dull patches of light. As they twisted, the lines of the two parachutes entangled hopelessly, then untangled again as the twist began the other way, then twisted afresh.

A few minutes more of that, and Cook would have cut out Trevor's last tiny chance of life, for once they were properly tangled, neither could survive; they would just hang there in a twist of death until the line above them snapped.

"I'm going to jump!" Cook yelled at the top of his voice.

The roaring motors just above them drowned his words; the slipstream tore them away with a yell of savage triumph. Trevor turned his head, was twisted aside, but his eyes rolled round at Cook to show he had heard words.

*It was a miracle. Stare and you get it. You didn't have to do anything. You didn't have to tap bigger men on the shoulders*

# Saw it at the

## Short Story by Will Scott

NATTY was a bit of a worm. Well, you didn't have to look at him twice. He walked like a worm, and he talked like a worm, and he even went indoors and came out like a worm. He closed doors like a worm. If you know what I mean.

Nobody took much notice of Natty. His neighbours sometimes ignored him and sometimes didn't. When they didn't they grinned at one another. His children said "Shan't—see!" and went about what they were doing.

As for his wife, she used him in place of a housemaid when he got home from work. One reason was that she couldn't afford a housemaid. But even if you can afford a housemaid, why go to the trouble when you've got a Natty?

Sometimes Natty thought he wouldn't have any more of this. He'd drag his pipe right out of his mouth. But then he'd find that he didn't know what it was he wanted to say. So he'd blink and gulp and stick his pipe back and go on being Natty.

He *was* a poor specimen.

So you can guess who it was that fetched the coal in and washed the dishes and cleared the kids' books away when they'd done their homework and never went out with the lads.

Natty.

Silly little man. Silly name.

Mind, you can't tell by looking at the outside of anybody what's happening on the inside. Many a battered old apple is sweet enough when you get the skin off. And if the outside life of Natty was nothing to write home about the inside life of Natty could be fun and games now and again.

Only there was no sense in telling anybody.

Once a week, you see, Natty went to the pictures. His wife let him. And although on the outside Natty's life might be all dish-washing and coal-fetching and homework-clearing and saying "Yes, dear" every five minutes, on the inside it was, many a time, all cowboys and drawing a bead on the big chap you didn't like.

The pictures were Natty's fairyland, and he didn't half live in it when he got the chance.

Why, sometimes the effect lasted an hour or more.

Sometimes Natty would come out of the pictures and be a sheriff.

Sometimes he would be a really tough-bitten business man from Wall Street, ready to go down to the works next day and sack the boss.

Sometimes he would be a pioneer, blasting a way for civilisation right across Alaska.

Yes, the pictures had an enormous effect on Natty. He had been in his time, for half an hour or so, everyone from Clark Gable to Fred Astaire. It wore off by the time he got home and resumed the dish-washing. But it was good while it lasted.

Not that anybody ever knew about these strange changes inside Natty.

Natty's trouble was that all his heroes on the screen always *did* something, and it was at doing something that Natty always fell down. He could imagine himself sacking the boss. He could even imagine himself putting the wife out in the rain.

BUT when it came to doing these things, well—that was another affair altogether. So he always ended by letting fairyland slide and cleaning the wife's shoes. But it *was* good while it lasted.

And then, in quite a nothing of a picture that nobody said anything about, he saw a man who stared. . . .

It wasn't a big part, but it was a beauty. The man who stared hardly ever said anything. He just stared. And lesser men had to look away in the end—and then walk away. And natives worked twenty-four hours a day building big bridges for him—not because he told them to but because he stared at them.

It was a miracle. Stare and you get it. That seemed to be the idea.

You didn't have to do anything. You didn't have to tap bigger men on the shoulders or dig up half Alaska.

All you had to do was stare.

So, coming out, he stared at the man in uniform at the door of the pictures. And the man promptly opened the door for Natty, for the very first time since Natty had known him.

He stared at the kids in the village street on his way home. Hard. And they dissolved round street corners instead of throwing things, which was their usual game.

He stared at his own children when he got home, so that they didn't go out as they usually did. They went to bed early instead. After clearing their homework.

He stared at his wife.

It was a fair knockout. She started with her grousing as per usual, but Natty never said a word. He just sat and stared.

"What are you staring at?" she snapped.

He didn't answer. He stared.

"Better wash the supper dishes," she said.

He didn't answer. He didn't wash the supper dishes. He stared.

By ten o'clock she couldn't stand it any longer.

"I'm going to bed," she said.

And he stared at her right across the room.

It upset her so much that she never slept a wink.

Well, that was just the beginning. By the end of the week the kids were in bed by half-past nine every night, their homework neatly put away. The boy fetched the coal in every morning.

And Natty's wife was washing the dishes. . . .

It was a waste of time to ask *him*. Not that he refused. He didn't say anything. He just sat and stared.

"What's happened?" his wife asked herself one night alone in the kitchen. "What does *he* look at? Is he going bats? Or . . . or *am I*?"

And then came the fun about the curtains.

He told her, quite suddenly one night, that she'd better go into Market Dilling next day and buy some new curtains. She started to say that the curtains they had would do them another twelve months easily, but she stopped.

He didn't look as if he was going to argue. He was just staring, staring, staring. It made her quite hot.

She started to explain that she'd promised to go to tea at Mrs. Wiffit's the following afternoon, but she stopped again.

He just stared.

"All right," she said.

And she got out of it all by going to bed.

And the next day she cut out tea at Mrs. Wiffit's. She went to Market Dilling.

THEN Mrs. Fennick next door, who was a rare one for noticing, noticed all these changes. Also she noticed the way Natty stared at her each day as she rested on the front gate. And after a few days of it she transferred her nosey-parkering to the back of the curtain, where he couldn't stare. It put her off, the way he looked at her.

But it didn't stop her noticing.

She noticed, one morning, that a sound like an explosion happened in Natty's house. It was Mrs. Natty telling Natty that his breakfast was ready. "Gracious me!" said Mrs. Fennick. "What's she shouting for? Has he gorn deaf?"

A minute later came another bellow. "Natty! It's getting cold!"

"Funny!" said Mrs. Fennick. "What's the matter with her? You could hear *that* down in Market Dilling."

And she went to the curtain and took up her post.

Ten minutes later Natty came out to start his walk to work. And Mrs. Natty came out with him. He opened the gate. She stood on the doorstep.

"Good morning, dear!" she roared at the top of her voice.

Natty started. He pulled up with one hand on the gate and looked back at his wife. He fixed his eyes on hers. He stared.

"You'll be late!" she thundered

It was terrible. All down the street curtains were being pulled aside. Doors were being opened.

Natty crept down the street, not liking to look at the people at their doors. At the end of the street he looked back. Mrs. Natty was still there. She waved.

"Good morning, dear!" she bellowed.

Natty winced and crept away.

When he got home that night he felt like the first morning up after 'flu.

"Your tea's ready," said his wife at the top of her voice.

He tried staring at her, but it didn't seem to work.

"Better wash up the dishes!" she bellowed.

"But—" said Natty.

"Dishes!" she yelled in a voice like thunder.

He went pale.

"Yes, all right," he said.

HUMAN MACHINE

## Learning the Art of Thinking

**To think needs more than the ability to allow thoughts to pass through the mind. That is something anyone can do, in fact, something no one can help doing. But thinking is something much more difficult.**

**If you are going to think, you must clearly have something with which to think. You must, therefore, learn not only to see, but to observe. You must have knowledge.**

**You must be able to argue and discuss dispassionately.**

**You must, in fact, have plenty of courage to enable you to follow an argument to the bitter end.**

**This is not by any means as easy as you might think. The people who can really do it, and still keep their dignity, their self-control and their mental balance, are very few indeed.**

**You must also be on your guard against prejudice which will make you distort evidence, against thinking something merely because you wish to think that way.**

**And, above all, you must never mind being dragged from the shelter of some comforting belief into the cold light of truth—however unsettling the experience must be.**

**If you can do all this, and do it cheerfully, you are beginning to learn to think.**

## Cinema

...ashed the dishes. He was sur-
... to find his hands shaking. What
...th was she shouting for? She'd
...l the village out at this rate.
... done the dishes," he said pre-

... the coal in!" she yelled.
...t the coal in. It seemed the easiest
...o do. Otherwise he looked like
...awled to bits. But what a voice!
...er knew she could shout like that.
... got the coal in," he said.
...n go to bed!" shrieked Mrs.

'Natty went to bed. 'And down
...is flag. For keeps.
...y he's the same old Natty.
...tching. Dish-washing.
... a real poor specimen.
... course, it's none of my business,
...ar," said Mrs. Fennick the other
...g over the back fence, "but you
...her *roar* at the old man, don't you,
... see what I mean?"
Natty folded her arms.
...out and you'll get it!" said Mrs.

...ll, well," said Mrs. Fennick. "And
...ive you the idea, my dear?"
...oman in a film," said Mrs. Natty.
...oman in a film?"
...e got her own way with everybody.
...y shouting. It was that day I went
...e new curtains at Market Dilling.
...it at the pictures."

---

## ...or Nasty Persons"

...E somebody in Cheshire wants
...llage stocks revived. But for
...hat strange offences. For
...ng bicycles. Or even for steal-
...des on bicycles.

...ad never occurred to me. We all
... think out punishment for Nasty
... You'll hear strangers airing
...iews on the matter in trains and
...r the place.
... give 'em to the tigers," says one.
...oil 'em in oil," says another.
... new punishments. We all look
... and try to invent something

...reas if we looked back the things
...ady and waiting. —
... stocks. . . .
...ly. But why waste such a glori-
...vice on trivialities like pinching a
...n a bicycle?
...e's no dignity about the stocks.

★ ★ ★

...the people who don't like you
...round and laugh. Dogs come and
...t you. Pigeons go to sleep on
...at. There isn't a thing you can
...ut it except sit and wait.
...y men have gone to prison ten or
... times for various things.
...oubt very much, though, if any
...n these times would risk two doses
...cks.
...ishment has become too dignified.
...ou go in for Nastiness on a large
...ou get a Doorn or a St. Helena
...d out to you.
...more like getting a prize.

★ ★ ★

...ld it stop *you* trying to be a really
... Person if you knew that the worst
...ould happen would be a nice little
... of some fifty thousand acres
...here, with two or three dozen
...ts and a tin-pot crown?
... if you knew you were going to
...twenty years in the stocks, the
...f all the neighbours and all the
... of the village and all the
...s. . . .
...no. You'd think twice about it, if
...ere the price.

A. G.

---

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

# A War Charity to Make You Blink

DURING the last few days I've noticed two items of good news.

One is the appointment of the Central Council of Services Organisations. Under the chairmanship of Lord Rushcliffe, it will co-ordinate the work of reputable bodies dealing with the welfare of Service and ex-Service people.

The other is Lord Keyes' demand. He wants the Government to prevent the diversion of charitable funds to "inexperienced and unknown persons"—and, of course, to hardened charity exploiters—who are still being legally registered to deal with charitable projects "for the Services."

Most of my readers, who know how continuously I have exposed superfluous charities, will agree that these developments are welcome.

### THOSE EXPENSES

I have just discussed the subject with General W. P. Braithwaite, Chairman of the Incorporated Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Help Society, and Mr. Benjamin Astbury, Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society.

Both agree that the War Charities Act of 1940 was so hurriedly introduced that it has proved inadequate.

For abuses are as manifest now as in the last war, and in many cases preposterously high expenses go to charity organisers and their staffs.

I have just completed inquiries about an organisation called the Allied ex-Services' Association, of 15, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. It is run in connection with a fortnightly journal distributed among the Services, and of which the Editor and General Factotum is a Mr. William Reginald Hipwell.

**The worth of this journal does not interest me at the moment, but the operations of the Allied ex-Services' Association most certainly do.**

### STRANGE ADVERTISEMENT—

Recently, an advertisement in a national daily newspaper offered a salary of £1,500 to £2,500 a year for the services of a National Social Secretary for a war charity.

A well-known welfare worker answered it, and received a letter from Mr. W. R. Hipwell, described as Founder-President of the Allied ex-Services' Association, asking him to call by appointment.

When he did so an astonishing proposition was unfolded. Mr. Hipwell said he had received over 2,000 replies to his advertisement, and some were from town clerks, borough surveyors, people with Mayfair addresses, and retired Service officers.

He asked what his duties would be (if he won the 2,000-to-1 chance and got the job) the answer was:

First, to interest a large number of wealthy people all over the country in the scheme; get them to back it in their localities; and set up local branches with, at first, an *unpaid* secretary *who would have liberal expenses.*

***When it is over, we do not want to see the ex-soldier pushed into the gutter again***

**Questioned about the £1,500 to £2,500 salary mentioned in the advertisement, Mr. Hipwell said, the actual amount would depend entirely on the number of contacts he made with wealthy people—the more he got (in other words, the more money that came in) the higher the salary!**

"Well, what is the starting salary?" asked the slightly dazed applicant. "You will have to produce your own salary," said Mr. Hipwell, "according to your own efforts with wealthy contacts, but the expenses you will be provided with will be *most liberal.*"

The caller then told Mr. Hipwell a few blunt truths.

Did he think, he asked, that it was right and proper to advertise the specific figures of a proposed salary in a great national newspaper and then put up a proposition like this?

Mr. Hipwell was quite unabashed—he blandly said that the advertisement had "been so worded to attract the best type of applicant."

It certainly was—particularly when I add that the successful applicant "had to be prepared to stand for Parliament if necessary."

### —AND ODD METHODS

Presumably liberal funds, from the same source, would be forthcoming in the event of a constituency being contested?

Well, such tactics in the name of a war charity are—if I said no more—enough to condemn this richly named "Allied ex-Services' Association."

But—let us see what happens to the collectors employed on behalf of this venture.

Some of them have been making quite a good thing out of their charitable work.

One, for instance, recently admitted that he had been employed at a salary of £8 5s. a week, plus expenses, and had also received a commission of 2½ per cent. on all sums he collected in the Association's name!

### LONG EXPERIENCE

Then there is another point about this and similar Service concerns of recent origin which must be considered.

Their aims and objects are mostly already adequately covered by old-established charities with vast experience.

Some of the latter organisations, indeed, have been operating from twenty-five to forty years, and have every possible facility for meeting all the legitimate needs of members of the Fighting Services—and ex-members, too.

Yet, while appreciating the position, the authorities who are responsible for registration of war charities under this 1940 Act have been given no power to refuse registration because of overlapping or redundancy.

The Research Department of the Charity Organisation Society has collected a considerable amount of information, with telling facts and figures, about superfluous concerns, and the urgency for fresh legislation being introduced as quickly as possible cannot be too strongly stressed.

At present, under the War Charities Act, any three men who form themselves into a "committee of management" can start a Service fund.

And, provided they ensure that a proportion of the moneys collected reaches the destined object, they are within the law no matter how high the expenses and cost of administration.

### MUCH TO BE DONE

Enough to make one wary, isn't it?

Yes, there is plenty for the newly formed Central Council of Services' Organisations to look into.

I can give them the name of another "charity" which really consists of just two founder promoters, but which has nevertheless been registered.

**The Charity Organisation Society estimates that nearly half the money collected by superfluous charities goes in expenses—some £100,000 out of every £200,000 contributed by the trusting public!**

**So Lord Rushcliffe has a big and urgent task to tackle, I can assure him that JOHN BULL will give all the support it can—including the use of my many and bulging dossiers.**

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### PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*Mr. L. Ford, Myrtle Cottage, Church Street, Tintwistle, Manchester, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.*

*Information of any suspected scandal or ramp will be investigated. Address: Public Benefactor,* JOHN BULL, *93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

# DO GOOD MANNERS FOSTER HYPOCRISY?

**★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)**

*It's embarrassing if one of them doesn't know how to drink soup and handle a fork!*

WHEN a mother teaches her little daughter to make a fervid speech of thanks for some present she does not like, or to kiss an uncle whom the child dislikes on sight, isn't that the first lesson in hypocrisy? Or is it a necessary lesson in civilised good manners?

**I wish you would give your opinion on the subject of teaching children good manners, writes a mother. My husband and I cannot agree about it.**

**Some of the "moderns" like A. S. Neill say that to make children behave nicely is to turn them into little hypocrites, so it is better to leave them to develop according to their instincts.**

**Freedom from interference is all very well, but one has to think of the child's future, and surely the young man or woman who lacks the social graces will be handicapped?**

## WATCH AND LEARN

The same week brought a letter from another married woman:

**They say that "Manners maketh man," yet how often do we see well-bred folk eating badly—especially kiddies.**

**My niece has dinner every day at her school, and when I asked her if manners were taught she said: "Oh, no; we just do as we like—put our arms on the table, and eat with our fingers if we want to. No one ever says anything."**

**My husband says it doesn't matter. He thinks instinct will come to children to eat nicely, but I say it has to be learnt and copied.**

Both husbands seem to have great faith in instinct, and they are wrong. At least, they are using the wrong word.

Instinct makes a child "go for" food, but it does not instil the good manners which a civilised society requires. These things have to be learnt—by watching others, by friendly correction.

I don't think much is achieved by formal lectures or by learning rules from a book of etiquette. The young man or woman who can't handle table implements skilfully or eat soup without making loud noises will be embarrassed in the company of people who don't do these things.

These "rules" are arbitrary, of course. In some countries it is good manners to eat noisily to express enjoyment; but not in this country.

One has to know the conventions of a country, just as a motorist has to know the rules of the road. The breaking of traffic rules is punishable by law; the breaking of the rules of manners is punished by other people—by cold stares, perhaps, or by a freezing disapproval which can be felt.

A man may eat daintily and dexterously, but if he is greedy and selfish over food I think his charming manners are worth little.

And before I leave this subject I want to thank some unknown reader who forwarded a typewritten pamphlet on Manners and Etiquette produced by the Education Department of the Y.W.C.A. I don't think it is for sale, but I gather that leaders are to use it as a basis for discussions.

It contains a list of "Don'ts" for people dining in public, some advice on introductions, on behaviour at dances, and much else.

And here is a reader's comment on a letter which appeared on this page a short time ago:

**I have been reading about the couple who think that if a man leaves his wife for another woman, the wife is chiefly to blame, she says.**

**Their argument would be all right if human nature never changed, but unfortunately it often does.**

**When my husband and I married we said we could write a book about the happiest married couple in the world. He loved getting about and I loved going with him. But my health failed and I soon found that I lacked what the younger woman had! Was it my fault that my health broke down?**

**To my way of thinking a person who breaks up a home is worse than Hitler. It is terrible to see your home and your loved one destroyed by an enemy bomb, but to see them taken from you by another woman is ten times worse.**

**Mass raids bring mass sorrows, mass help and mass sympathy; but the little home wrecked by another is hardly noticed and the victim is often despised.**

## YOU CAN'T INSURE

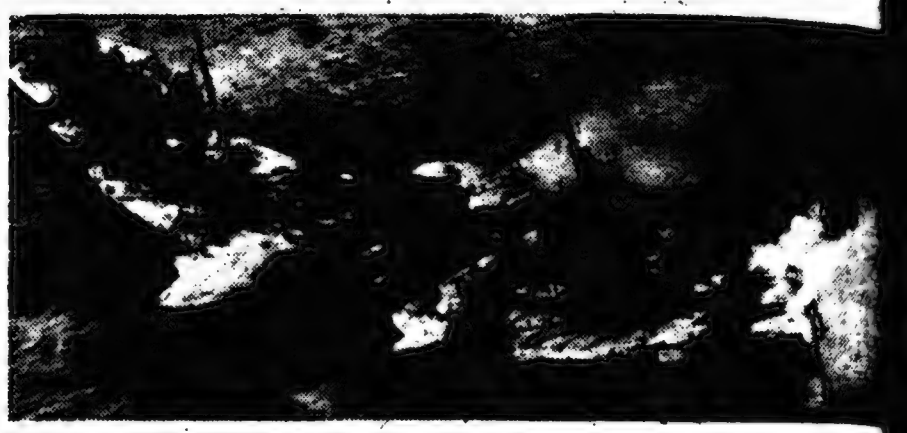
The writer of the letter feels strongly and expresses herself strongly, but I am certain that a good many others will agree with her.

Wars smash houses, but war conditions often destroy that human affection which is the essence of a home. We can insure against material damage, but not against the loss of happiness. At least, not with money.

*Write to "John Bull" About it*

# Voice of the

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



*The ship shudders and settles low in the water, soon to disappear for eve*

*TORPEDOED in the Mediterranean, but now safe back home to tell his thrilling story is C.Q.M.S. E. J. Emerson, R.I. Fusiliers, who writes:*

It was about 2.15 a.m. when I was awakened by the sound of an explosion, and I was thrown to the floor of the cabin from the top bunk. The ship shuddered and took a heavy list to port, and to add to the confusion the ship's lighting system failed.

A few seconds later the alarm-bell rang for "Ship's stations." By this time everybody was groping about in the dark for their boots and other items of clothing, but eventually we got to our respective boat stations.

On deck we were just in time to see the rest of our convoy sliding past as if nothing had happened. We were ordered to cut the ropes holding the rafts to the deck and fling them overboard. It was unfortunate that some of the men who jumped into the sea lost their lives.

All the lifeboats were got away in record time, with the nurses and ship's crew, etc., in them. For a time the lifeboats kept circling round us with the nurses and men in them shouting words of encouragement.

Later a destroyer arrived to render assistance. It was decided that our ship would stay afloat for several hours, possibly until she could be towed into port. Meantime, we were ordered to the starboard side of the ship to keep her on a more even keel.

An attempt was made to tow us into Oran, but after very slow progress it was considered hopeless; by this time fires were raging. So we were all taken aboard the destroyer.

As we got clear we saw our ship gradually disappearing with smoke and flames belching from her funnels.

On board the destroyer the Royal Navy treated us like lords. We were sorry to part company, and as we landed there were three hearty cheers in salute to our rescuers as we formed up on the quayside for roll-call.

### Buried Treasure

*Cheerful excitement in Italy is reported by Sig. E. L. Mason, R.A., to his mother at Orchard Park Road, Hull:*

A queer thing happened this morning. The farmer and his wife came into our billet with some spades. Moving ... man's bedding aside, they calmly be... to dig.

Soon they unearthed a tin box, ... we gathered around all goggle-eyed. ... farmer opened the box and pulled ... about £200 in Italian lira.

It had been hidden away from ... Germans who had previously occu... the farm—and the laugh was ag... the man who had been sleeping on ... little hoard.

After which we watched the fa... and his lady pulling furniture, trin... and even bottles of wine out of ... stacks and other hiding-places.

### Down in the Mouth?

*Night train journey in the Nea... East makes Dvr. R. Gouge, R.A.S.C., ask, "Was our journey really neces... sary?" He writes to his parents ... Stanbrook Road, Northfleet, Kent:*

Twenty of us were stuck in a rail... truck, marked as usual "35 hom... (men)—8 chevaux (horses)." As ... sleeping, I could have sworn that ... train developed square wheels du... the night.

We "slept" on the floor of the tru... squeezed in as best we could, while ... train jolted, clattered, rolled, bump... and did everything except leave ... rails.

Once we got really alarmed when ... gathered speed—to twenty-five miles ... hour. We thought for a moment ... train was out of control.

That was a journey! But it had ... lighter moments, such as when one ... our lads lost his upper set of teeth wh... he was running to get back to ... carriage after we'd started sudde... after a short halt out in the wilds.

### Small World

*Further proof that the world is ... a small place comes in a letter fro... Cpl. R. W. Fothergill, C.M.F., to ... friend at Brading Avenue, Southse... Hants.:*

Recently mother wrote that Cather... Meek, niece of a neighbour I did ... know, was coming out to North Afr... with an E.N.S.A. show and told me ... look out for her.

A pretty tall order, I thought. ... are counted by the thousand in N... Africa!

However, I happened to meet

# Troops

man and mentioned that I be glad to have word of any new especially a Miss Catherine

alf-past nine that night an attrac- oung woman walked into the nd asked to see the young man ad been asking for her. It was ine Meek, and was my face red! oduced the letter from mother in fence. The E.N.S.A. girl agreed an amazing coincidence, as she rived only a few days previously is was the first port of call.

### Night Noises

*guard duty at night demands nerves. Pte. F. C. Parrington, writes to a relative at Flook- Carnforth, Lancs:*

dogs and jackals, baying and at the rising moon, make guard bit eerie.

e is talk, too, of a headless rider es galloping past our camp at though I have not had to chal- im yet.

I have had my photograph taken. n't flatter me. You see, the photo- rs out here sit you down just , press a button, and say, "O.K., . Ready on Saturday," and the are terrible.

### Raining Fish

*sometimes rains fishes in India! u doubt it, read the letter of C. R. Roberts, R.A.F., to his at Manchester New Road, gton, Middleton, Lancs:*

d heard about it before, but did lieve it. Then, yesterday, it really n fishes! Several were picked up eld near the camp, and we tried them alive in a wash-bowl. were about two inches long and d throats. Where they came from, w, is a mystery our local Brains has failed to solve. This is not aveller's tale," but I shall not you if you are a little sceptical!

---

## READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

thorough should be a medical ex- ination? Thirty of us were ed and passed as fit. The ation of all thirty took under ten s!—"Tyke," Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

w racket! Dried and crushed rumbs dipped in various coloured tions are sold at 1s. 5½d. a lb. " queue up for this "novel y!"—Puzzled," Glamorgan.

★ ★ ★

wife applied to the local W.V.S. pairs of socks for me, and I was l for them. But the W.V.S. took othing coupons from my wife's Seems unfair to me!—"Gunner," end.

★ ★ ★

are not the inmates of civil given productive work, such as ons and furniture making, instead r present wasteful and unproduc- sks?—" Ex-Prisoner," ———.

★ ★ ★

eicester, women of 45 and 50 are d to part-time work in factories. ung men and women are allowed ass from door to door for the sale shes, etc. Is this fair, Mr. Bevin? . E., Leicester.

# Give Them More Than a Crutch

## By Hannen Swaffer

IS it, I wonder, really true that the political truce will soon be broken and that Labour, if only in self-defence, will leave the Government?

There are good arguments that it should.

For by-election after by-election, did Socialist candidates stand, would confirm the unexpected decision of Skipton—that the nation is ready for wide and sweeping changes; that it demands for the men and women of the race who saved the world in 1940 a far greater share of the world's bounty, a new kind of life in fact.

As it is, the Labour Party in the country feels frustrated, strangled, imprisoned in a Coalition in which the opponents of reform have all the power.

On the other hand, Labour high-ups reply: "Not only is it true that we cannot be accused of deserting the Government on the eve of the Second Front. We have, in truth, been able to transform factory conditions. We have got for the workers a square deal. Our share in working out details of the Premier's programme of 'Work, Food and Homes' will be a vital one."

It would seem, indeed, that while the country is going so Left that Sir Richard Acland, wrongly, I think, claims that Skipton's result proves many voters are ready for Socialism, trade union leaders are content to obtain for their fellow members better conditions under the old system of private ownership.

### No Changes

And, as the Premier boasted, not long since, that he is a lifelong enemy of Socialism, and Lord McGowan's recent boost of the virtues of profit-making was allowed to go almost unchallenged, it would seem obvious that, under the present Government, no far-sweeping changes in our system will be effected.

All over the country, Socialists, Liberals, Common Wealth supporters—yes, and Communists—are once again beginning to favour a Popular Front of the kind talked of in the Appeasement days of Chamberlain.

But that is only in the ranks. Officially, the Popular Front is the one that is seen on the Government benches—and, apparently, will remain there.

I expressed, very frankly, some of my own views last week, when I spoke at a dinner which followed a conference of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, one at which over 100 doctors from all parts of the country and from all branches of all the Services had met to discuss how best men suffering from war neurosis could be re-established in industry.

### Fair Promises

Although this was only a small part of the vast national problem involved, its importance was stressed by George Tomlinson, who is Ernest Bevin's most capable understudy at the Ministry of Labour.

"The soul of a nation is found in the treatment of its unfortunates," he said.

Following him, I dealt with the much wider aspect of the case.

"The amazing thing to me is that throughout the ages, from the beginning of time," I said, "ordinary common people have been induced to go abroad and fight for land they wouldn't own when they had won it, or else stopped at home and defended land which they had never possessed, and never would."

They were always promised something in the old days—loot and, not long since, a New World. They got the loot, I have no doubt. But the New World is as far away off as ever.

Anyway, whenever a war ended, century after century, the broken and the disabled were allowed to rot and starve.

Chesterton once pointed out that there were so many crippled men in the novels of Charles Dickens because of the Napoleonic wars which had taken place not long before.

### Whitehall has Changed

"Strangely enough," I said, "it was due to Nell Gwynne, the mistress of a king, that notice began to be taken of men who had been broken in the wars. After being stopped by a beggar who had lost his leg in battle, she persuaded Charles II to found Chelsea Hospital, in which, in my younger days, bearded veterans from the Crimea used to live. But for long after Nell Gwynne, little was done, although promises were made time after time."

Indeed, on the morning of the dinner, I walked across to Trafalgar Square and copied from the base of a statue these words:

"To Major-General Sir Henry Havelock and his brave companions in arms during the campaign in India, 1857:

"Soldiers,

"Your labours, your privations, your sufferings and your valour will not be forgotten by a grateful country."

Once again, you see, the old promise was made—but, as usual, the veterans of the Indian campaign were allowed to suffer.

"How long will this go on?" I asked.

And I recalled how, just before the Abdication, I accompanied Edward VIII on his farewell tour of South Wales.

"When we reached Merthyr," I said, "all that that town with 70 per cent. unemployed had to show him was a trumpery medical clinic and the local employment exchange. Outside the clinic there were drawn up 25 men who were all the survivors of the Old Contemptibles who left Merthyr in August, 1914, to make it a land fit for heroes.

"All the 25 were unemployed. All of them had been unemployed for five years. Some of them had been unemployed for ten years. And, under the existing system, not one of them would ever work for another hour again."

Surely this sort of thing cannot happen again. Yet without large-scale planning an economic collapse will almost certainly happen.

Mind you, Everett Howard, the secretary of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, a man who has done more for British ex-Servicemen than almost any other person, told me that Whitehall's attitude had greatly changed since he began his work for the society twenty years ago.

"After the last war," he said, "the war sentiment lingered for a while. But after a year or so, I found that even in the Government departments the temporary people resented ex-Servicemen being employed.

"Already we had begun to forget what we owed the fighting men.

"Not only did the country become apathetic. Soon, it did not want to know anything about them, especially those who were disabled. It was no longer an advantage to anybody to say he had been in the Services.

I am all the more surprised, because nearly half the members of the House of Commons had been in one of the Services! Yet few seemed to bother.

"There has been, however, a remarkable change, in a quarter of a century, in Whitehall's attitude," said Howard. "To-day, there is a willingness to co-operate. Everybody makes an attempt of some sort. Some are pretty slow. Others are not. Public opinion has forced the pace, and M.P.s have been useful, in the House, in urging Ministries to act."

Gradually we have begun to master the problem of the broken men and the broken women, the people suffering from shell-shock—or "war-neurosis," as they call it now—or injuries suffered in battle or in raids.

### New System Wanted

Doctors have broadened Whitehall's attitude; argued, for instance, that a pension is not the only remedy.

Well, just as we are facing the problem of the broken men and the broken women, we must face the problem of the broken world.

As I see it, except for the stretcher-bearer part of it, it is being neglected. It is not patching-up that is needed but wholesale changes.

It is not a new crutch that we want but a new system—one worthy of the men and women who saved the old one.

---

## *Remember the Spirit Never Dies*

*KEEP on and keep up, that's the only way to keep your doubts and your fears at bay. It may seem as if you can't struggle through, but the strength of your soul makes a path for you. Though life's waters be dark and bleak life's skies, remember the spirit never dies.*

*Keep on and keep up, there's brightness ahead, when a trouble is faced half its weight is shed. So keep on to the end when once you start, where there's no road for your feet there's a way for your heart. And life's chanceless roads are very few, and an angel will walk such a road with you.*

*Keep on and keep up, it's so easy to say, but to do it you'll need to have hope and to pray. You'll need more help than the world can bestow, for life's hard and there's much to undergo. And the body alone is a broken reed, for without faith it gives out in its greatest need.*

*KEEP on and keep up and don't give way, each hour has in it a moment to pray, and each trouble has some compensation unguessed, for experience is not a mere empty jest. God has given us all an inner strength to reach beyond trouble's shadowy length.* J. M.

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM

Every time you wash your clothes in Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather *you are saving clothes coupons.* For Oxydol, the amazing granulated soap, gets all your clothes spanking clean without washtub wear and tear. Yes, it's hard rubbing and scrubbing that shortens the lifetime of your clothes. Oxydol washes everything the safe, gentle way. That means your clothes are certain of a longer life.

3½d. size - 1 coupon
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A Class 1 Product
At your shop

DON'T FORGET to read Mrs. Mundy's Helping Hand. It's on the back of your packet of Oxydol.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



TWICE *on Sundays?*

Bobby smartens himself up and tries to make up for week-day failings by giving his teeth a "double clean" on Sunday. But the practice is most unsound because teeth care *must* be regular. In the rush of our busy work-a-day week, we must avoid Bobby's error. To keep acid at bay you need to clean your teeth thoroughly, morning and night, with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This toothpaste contains* 'Milk of Magnesia,' recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth. 1/1 and 1/10½.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

# LAST LAUGH

M. N. (London).—"The young woman in the shop showed me what I have hardly seen in a shop for a couple of years or more." A sweet smile?

FLO (Brixton).—"To get a place in a man's heart is not enough these days." No, you still have to get a place to live in with him.

DENISE (Kensington).—"The modern girl usually has a Purpose in Life." And the modern young man never realises he is it until too late.

JOHN B. (Reading).—"Can you suggest any day this year that is likely to be particularly dangerous for me?" Well, if you happen to be an eligible bachelor, the last day of February.

S. D. (Newbury).—"Our friend, a boxer whose careless defence is notorious, would not come with us to the party." As usual, he was just asking to be counted out.

GEORGE (Minehead).—"I take it when a girl tells a fellow she loves him she means something." Yes, business.

HOUSEWIFE (South Coast).—"How can I stop seagulls coming through the kitchen window and carrying off the food from the table and dresser?" Well, you might try closing the window and leaving the back-door open instead?

D. M. (Crewe).—"I wonder why Hitler recently summoned two of Germany's most famous composers to a secret conference?" Perhaps his first peace feelers are to be set to music?

A. G. (Glasgow).—"After the war is over, I would, despite the fact that I recently celebrated my forty-eighth birthday, be happy to volunteer for service in the Army of Occupation." (See letter below.)

MRS. G. (Glasgow).—"My mother is coming to stay with us when the war is over." (See letter above.)

C. L. (Carlisle).—"When I don't help my wife with the housework, there is usually an awful row." There is a dust-up when you don't dust up.

R. T. (Leith).—"I am pleased to say I have no boss." You are not, of course, the only unmarried man who writes to us.

G. H. (Didd).—"What would you do if a man deliberately laughed at your wife's hat?" About how big a man?

**OLD BILL:** BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

***"I cannot commend the actions of this man too highly, General. When the 'Bell' was on fire, he dashed alone into the cellars and at great risk to himself, drank all he could in the time to prevent the flames reaching the alcohol!"***

## Side-Slips

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . . the cold being so extreme that one radio had a frozen CHIN."

TORQUAY HERALD:—"After DISREGARDING their military uniforms . . ."

SWINDON ADVERTISER:—"His chief ambition is to grow 20 ACRES of wheat to the ACRE."

DAILY MAIL:—"Soon the pews were full, and more VILLAGES came to stand inside the porch . . ."

ESSEX COUNTY STANDARD:—". . . for DIVING without a licence."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH: "Mince FLIES."

## GREATEST OF THESE

● There's a good, honest Scot up in Glasgow who has no need to master the intricacies of Pay-As-You-Earn income tax.

After service in two wars—the 1914-18 struggle and this—his incomings are £1 4s. 5d. a week Army pension and 17s. a week National Health, or £2 1s. 5d. in all.

Rent and insurance taking 16s. 4d. of that total, and the necessity of maintaining a wife and six children absorbing more than the remainder, he is not even interested in the £50-per-child annual allowance of our income tax laws.

His prime worry, indeed, is the matter of rent. Due in part to the recent arrival of that sixth child he owes £14 10s. in respect of that.

Ill-health—the heart trouble and bronchitis responsible for bringing his Army career to an end and since losing him one job after another—is at the root of all his troubles.

It was that matter of rent that made him write to us—at a time when the sixth child was due at any moment. "I can struggle along in a sort of way regarding food," he told us, "if I can get that cleared."

We have made sufficient inquiries to make sure that this man and his very brave little wife have really tried. So we are helping the struggling family in your name.

But there are so many other cases. Please help us to help them by sending a donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." We pool all donations and allocate them equitably among our deserving cases.

We gladly send an acknowledgment, and, on request, a copy of the current week's subscriptions, besides bearing all administrative costs ourselves.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

**First Prize £50—"Bullets" 1,**

**D. Hawkey, c/o 1, Cranbourne R Slough, for this "Bullet":—**

**How Sonny's A Miner We're "Missing Sunshine," To**

**£10:** G. J. Readey, 11, Quorn St., Edge L Liverpool.
**For Security Reasons—Praise Unli Stays Unpraised.**

**£5:** I. Stewart, 14, Hillgarden, Co Angus, Scotland.
**Doom Of The Japs—Inevitable, How "Far Away."**

**£4:** S. L. Levin, 11, Inkerman Ter., Allen St. **For Security Reasons—Hemp "Slip"!**

**£3:** F. Pullen, Newlands Lane, Marston Birmingham.
**When Germany's Beaten—We'll See "What Changes."**

**£2:** Mrs. A. Topsis, 39, Elm Ave., Upton.
**Across The Water—False Alarms—Genuine**

## £75 for 4 LETTERS

4 Prizes of 20s.:

G. A. Creasey, 34, Broadway, Bl... **An Education—For Complacent, Parade**

W. Kaye, 35, King St., Barnsley. **Not Worrying—About Reaching Berlin, Huh!**

G. W. M. Jones, Borthwen Green, Denbigh. **Undying Flame—Gives Nurse Cool Hands.**

C. H. Simms, 39, Surrey Rd., ... **When The Swop Arrived—Powdered Her Black**

A list of 5 winners of 25s. and 60 of £1 can be ... these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been ...

## FIVE £15 CHEQUE

**WON IN "LAUGH-LINES"**

Most meritorious entries were decided by Ad... tion Committee to be those bearing the ... LETTERS in order D—A—E—(enter) the ... 3 competitors, who thus share £75: H. ... Madey Hill, Ware, Herts; W. Deacon, ... Terrace, Harraby, Carlisle; J. Maxwell, ... Cove, Rhyl, N. Wales; C.P.O. Tel. J. W. ... Somewhere-in-Britain; J. Swinnerton, ... Park Avenue South, Liverpool.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared ... entrants with FIRST THREE letters in ... —2nd Runners-up Awards for 445 ... FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE"

## LASHINGS OF CUSTARD!

*Creamy and delicious, made with dried eggs*

This real-egg custard is as nourishing as it's delicious. And because it's made with dried eggs (which are whole, fresh, new-laid eggs with only shell and water removed), it's very easy to make. Here's the recipe:

*Two level tablesps. dried eggs ); 2 level tablesps. flour; 1 level esp. sugar; 5 level tablesps. shold milk (dry); 1 pint water; ed nutmeg.*

dry ingredients together. nd with a little of the cold water make a thin cream. Boil rest of er and pour slowly on egg ture, stirring well all the time. urn to pan, bring to boil, and for 2-3 minutes. Add nutmeg. e with steamed pudding or ed fruit. Dried eggs are a grand rishing food for children.

ildren holding Green tion Books are allowed a ble ration of Dried Eggs.

d by the Ministry of Food, London.



# AS GOOD AS YOU SAY

Manchester.
October 24th, 1943.

Dear Sirs,

I pick up the paper many a time and see your advertisement for Yeast-Vite tablets. Believe me, they are as good as you say. I am not strong, but I go out to work, and look after six war workers. But I feel wonderful if I take Yeast-Vite tablets. I could not carry on if I did not have them. I feel I ought to praise them. They have saved me from a breakdown many a time.

(Sgd.) Mrs. W.

## NEVER WITHOUT YEAST-VITE

Newcastle-on-Tyne.
October 24th, 1943.

Dear Sirs,

We are never without your Yeast-Vite in our home. We have the greatest faith in it. (Sgd.) Mrs. T.

*If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/6 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/6 and 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).*

*Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.*

## Why Not Keep FIT & VITAL All The Year

TO feel 'on top of the world'; to go through the year with brightness and zest depends upon internal health and the good spirits that go with it.

Bile Beans tone you up and improve your health and looks. Purifying the blood and gently eliminating food-wastes and harmful toxins, these fine vegetable pills clear the skin and keep you fit and vital these days.

By Nightly Taking

# BILE BEANS



# INCREASED PRIZE-MONEY for 4 LETTERS!

"LAUGH-LINES" are FUN-QUICK and EASY, TOO! LAUGHS galore and cash in plenty—that's the *Laugh-Lines* programme every week.

The increased First of £75 was won outright last week—why shouldn't you be the next to capture this grand sum for 10 minutes spent on filling up a *Laugh-Lines* coupon?

Just give FOUR KEY LETTERS as instructed on your coupon below, post it not later than Monday, February 28—and look out for that big cheque!

£100 PRIZES WORTH OVER £75 FIRST PRIZE 1st and 2nd RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £25

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. When Father Played Darts—Miles Out—Inches In!
B. Shrouded In Secrecy—The Army Mule's Plans!
C. In A Hurry—Both—Caught Same Ambulance!
D. Hard To Tell—When Village Taxi's Punctured.
E. Satisfied—Lodger—Pays Us Occasionally!
F. "Not So Fast!"—Then Sonny *Forgets* Recitation!
H. Old Ruin—Uncle—And "Worth Visiting."
J. Only A Woman—Dare Hand Porter Tuppence!
K. Cooking—Criticised—Hence "Raw Steak"!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES—ENTRY COLS BELOW

## HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

1ST 2ND 3RD 4TH

FEE 2½ col. Is. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Mar. 11.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, FEB. 28.

157

OVER 500 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Two divide and no more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Mar. 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

## How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effects on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1 Wet the beard thoroughly.
2 Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.
3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.

PER 1/3 JAR



## Drive away Colds with Phensic

If you are shivering and sneezing take two tablets of Phensic with a little water. Then you'll know how quickly Phensic can check a cold or chill. You can't act too swiftly—nor is it ever too late. At all stages of a cold, chill or attack of 'flu, Phensic can be of very great help. Get some now. Two sizes only: 1/4 and 3/3 including Pur. Tax.

Quickly! take some

# Phensic



## A Natural Corrective

*Lixen*—the palatable, easy-to-take laxative has a gentle, natural action which is at once effective and without painful after-effects. It is prepared from senna pods by a special process which renders its mild, aperient action equally pleasant for old or young.

*LIXEN ELIXIR* in bott., 2/3, 3/11
*LIXEN LOZENGES* fruit flavoured in bottles, 1/8, Purchase Tax included.

*Made in England by* ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

LIXEN Laxative

3/5222

*The Ring of Her Dreams* . . . There's happiness ahead for the bride who wears an H. Samuel Victory *LUCKY* Wedding Ring. All are hand-made in Solid Gold, British Government Hallmarked and priced by weight. *By post or from any H. Samuel shop.*

H. SAMUEL Headquarters: Market Street, Manchester, 1



# 75 CHEQUES for "BULLETS" THIS WEEK!

BIG NEW OFFER

BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE £50

£10 £5 £3 £2 4 of 30/- 5 of 25/-

60 NEW CASH PRIZES OF £1

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

## THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Mar 10.

FIGHTING FOR BRITAIN
A BLACK DAY
BATTERED BERLIN
WHEREVER WE GO
ABOVE ALL
FOOLISH MAN
TROUBLE TO-MORROW
HEARD IN WHITEHALL
NOT IN VAIN
ALL WENT WELL UNTIL

BULLETS 1,411 RESULT appears on page 14

SINKING FEELING
SURPRISES
JUST A TRIFLE
MOVING WITH THE TIMES
IF HE'S LUCKY
PEP TALK
DOESN'T MAKE SENSE
STARTED SOMETHING
IN SANDY'S SAFE
THEY HAD NO MONEY, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

LED TO THE.....
MEDAL FOR.....
CRUELTY TO.....
STILL IN.....
MATTER OF.....
..... FOR ALL

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets; my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Mar. 11. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,415 Monday, FEB. 28
Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,415—or "Laugh-Lines" 157, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

## TIMELY UNION

The union of two great building societies —the **Abbey Road** and the **National**— has come at a time when millions of home-loving people are looking forward to the freedom and security of home ownership. The future happiness of these people will depend very much on the efficient and courteous service of the

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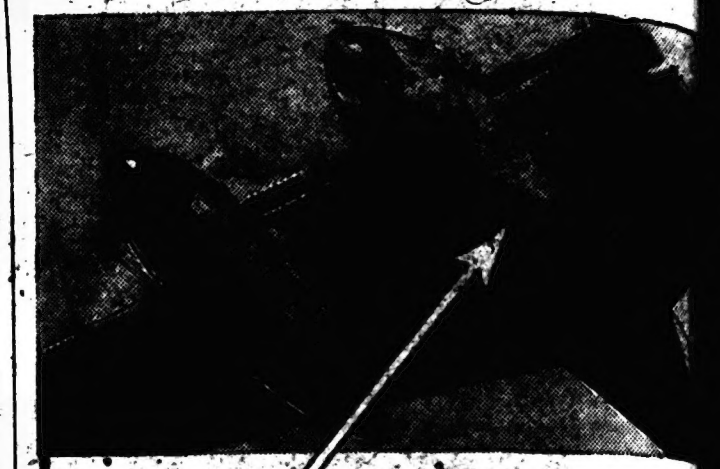

**KODAK FILM**
**Is in the skies recording the effect of our bombing**

Nearly six miles above enemy territory the camera looks down—for a fraction of a second. In that time the film collects information which in earlier wars would have taken months to acquire. If you have difficulty in getting Kodak film, remember it is because such vital work must come first.

Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, W.C.2

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD. C.C.4240

## *Nerves and Digestion?*
## ..more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest natural source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast*.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is LIVE Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B, than ½-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals, you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE AND VITALITY to all.

**A DOCTOR writes:**
*"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."*

*Ask for* PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST *the Yeast* WITHOUT DRUGS

All Chemists 1/9, 3/- Tablets

**Phillips**
TONIC YEAST
**—It's *LIFE ITSELF!***

Any dawn now this man may face his supreme test—the liberation of the enslaved peoples of Europe. Then, the ships and trains and trucks which normally distribute our coal will be used to rush supplies to the fighting men.

That's why we must cut our use of coal, gas and electricity *now*, for existing stocks of coal are precious—*they may have to last a long time*. Fit fire bricks wherever possible, lag hot water tanks and pipes, go easy with hot water—small things compared with the job of our fighting men but essential if we are to give them all the backing they must have.

**We must SAVE FUEL for Battle!**

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power


Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agents for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.